

ple's party is villified for favoring such a scheme, and this new party can be made whatever farmers and working-men choose to make it. It is not controlled by capitalists. The clear proof of this is that it has not become "respectable." You may be a very vigorous republican or democrat and still be a favorite of "our best society;" but dare become a Populist, and "society" will speedily show you the door. Is there no hint in this for those who work? Pharisees and Saducees alike were welcome in the best society of Jerusalem; but the followers of that troublesome fellow from Nazareth—did not the influential Nicodemus have to steal an interview at night? Were Patrick Henry and Jefferson social favorites with the American Tories? Would Wendell Phillips or Garrison have been an honored guest at a southern planter's board? Society reflects the particular form of wealth or privilege prevailing at the time; and he whom it welcomes cannot be a true friend of the outcast and oppressed.

In this propaganda Kate and Lena aid their husbands by articles contributed to the reform press; and Kate has undertaken of late a more ambitious task. She is engaged in attempting to interest farmers' wives and daughters in the project, and often lectures from the same platform with her husband. "Can Kate make a speech?" some reader may ask. Yes. She discovered her gift by accident, for she had never before attempted to speak in public.

In the latter part of September, 1892, a monster picnic was held by the People's party of the county in Overton's grove. Sam Cotterell was chairman, and had made a "ringing" speech. Mason had spoken, and had been followed by a Unitarian minister whose congregation of bank and railroad officials had recently tendered him his resignation. Finally, the People's party candidate for governor made an effective address, and this ended the regular program. But it was not very late, and someone started a "call" for "Colonel Mason"—Slick having given Overton this military title among his neighbors—and Overton was prevailed upon to speak. On the platform sat Kate, Mrs. Mason, the ex-asylum attendant, Mrs. Cotterell and Lena; the latter still wearing black, for her father, having heard of her escape and her marriage to John, had expired in St. Louis of apoplexy, leaving his daughter an estate not quite sufficient to pay his debts. Slick Blackburn, having tied his team to a tree, sat comfortably in Overton's carriage not far from the platform, and applauded vigorously when "de cunnel" rose to speak.

No one who has ever lived in a community like Cobden will ask how it came about that Overton's Sing Sing record had become known to some Cobden people of a certain class. Had not Overton "interfered" with the sheriff by saving Sam Cotterell from eviction, and thus preventing the receipt of official fees? Had not Dr. Carlington tried to "get away with" the sheriff by applying for that injunction? And had not Overton's "interference" destroyed the sheriff's opportunity of "getting even" with the Doctor? Trifling matters, you think? True, but quite important enough to give official malice a motive for contemptible work. So somebody about the sheriff's office had discovered in some manner that Overton was an ex-convict who had spent many years in Sing Sing; and this delightful information had been "passed around" till most of the contemptible political population which loafed at the sheriff's office and in the court room, waiting to be appointed appraisers, or to be taken along as guards when prisoners were to be conveyed to the penitentiary, or to be called as talesmen to fill up a jury (it being a principle of honor with them in that case to always convict the accused and thus help out the county attorney), knew of the blot on Overton's escutcheon. Some of these valuable members of the community were present at the People's party picnic, and were desirous of defending against the attacks of "calamity howlers" that grand old party which for years has bred such human vermin; and as Overton was denouncing the financial policy of John Sherman in a very truthful, and, therefore, to republicans, a very exasperating manner, some one in the rear of the great crowd yelled out:

"John Sherman wasn't never in Sing Sing, though!"

Overton stopped, stammered, hesitated and sat down. The exposure was so utterly unexpected; a thing he had not dreamed of as remotely possible. Slick, exclaiming, "It's one ob dese heah goo' fo' nuffin republicans," sprang from his seat in the carriage and was soon lost to sight in the dense throng. The farmers, who had been intensely interested in Overton's powerfully logical speech, were stupefied by this odd interruption and its telling effect upon the speaker; for not one of them had the slightest notion what it all meant. Kate's face, pale at the instant of the interruption, had become livid with a righteous rage at such an attack upon so noble and so good a man as she knew him to be; and springing to Overton's side as he sat down, she took his place, and, as one of the farmers afterwards expressed it, "turned herself loose."

"No, you ill-bred wretch! John Sherman wasn't never in Sing Sing! Neither did John Sherman ever drink hemlock in an Athenian jail. He is not a Socrates. John Sherman has never been crucified between two thieves. He is not a Christ; and no thieves could be found sufficiently depraved to make him more ignominious by their association. No, John Sherman was never in Sing Sing, and he never will be if he gets his deserts; for he should be hanged."

The crowd went wild. Cheer after cheer went up which could be heard a mile away. It was some time before Kate could proceed.

"Let me paint a scene. It is a street in New York at evening. A poor woman stands on the sidewalk with her arms about a frightened little daughter whom a ruffian policeman has violently seized. The ruffian raises his murderous club and deals the woman's arms a vicious blow, but her mother instinct makes her still cling to her child. The club has fallen upon the little girl's head, too, and it begins to bleed. The policeman has once more raised his club; another instant and it will descend with murderous force upon the poor mother's head. Just then a soldier, fresh from the great muster at Washington, aims a pistol at the official brute and peremptorily orders him to desist. The soldier was not John Sherman. Oh, no. John Sherman 'wasn't never in the army.' The policeman drops his club and attempts to draw his revolver. The soldier fires and the ruffian falls dead. The little girl escapes during the confusion, but the mother and the soldier are roughly seized by the police. There is a trial—all on one side, and the woman is sent to prison for twenty years—the soldier is sentenced to die for doing a manly deed. His comrades get his punishment commuted to imprisonment for life, and he is sent to Sing Sing. The wife and the little boy he left at home when he joined the army three years ago eagerly expect his coming, but he does not come. Twenty-two years have passed. It is 1887. One day the warden comes to the soldier and tells him he has been pardoned—that he is free. He flies to Wisconsin, but the little girl he protected has become a mature woman now, and she sits here (pointing to the ex-asylum attendant), and that soldier who suffered long years of separation from those he loved—that soldier who was thus punished on account of a noble deed for which all manly men will praise him, was the gentleman who sits here."

Cheer followed cheer. Men and women wept in excess of feeling. Those nearest the platform began climbing up and shaking Overton's hand, and soon the whole assembly was in motion, struggling to get near the hero of Kate's story. But she resumed her speech and the people grew silent again.

"No, John Sherman wasn't never in Sing Sing. Heaven forbid he ever should be. The prison which once held such a man as that noble soldier who became a martyr to save an unknown little girl and her mother has become too sacred to be desecrated by the polluting presence of so diabolical a home-destroyer as John Sherman."

The people yelled. The band played. Strong men seized Overton and held him on their shoulders that all might see him. Pandemonium reigned. Once, in a momentary lull, there came from away off at the outskirts of the crowd

the pleading, frightened cry, "Take him off! He's killin' me!" followed by, "Give it to him good!" "That's right!" "Maul the scoundrel!" And bye and bye Slick returned to his seat in the carriage, mopping off perspiration and adjusting his wardrobe as he came. The still cheering crowd made a rush for the platform and as many as could reach her congratulated Kate on her "maiden effort."

The climax had been reached, and any other speech would now have seemed tame. So the vast audience dispersed. At length Overton was able to seize Kate's hand, and he said with much emotion:

"My dear, that was my dream. You have made that speech."

THE END.

The Province of the Church.

EDITOR ADVOCATE:—I was not a little surprised on reading a communication in your valuable paper of April 25 from the pen of Dr. P. C. Branch on "Church and Politics," to which I make some exceptions. He begins wrong and winds up wrong. He accuses every Populist speaker and paper of abusing the ministers and church. I think he has gone so far in his denunciation as to amount to abuse himself. He says a great many church members are active reformers. I agree with him in this and will say more—some ministers of the gospel are bending all their energies to push forward the cause of justice and maintaining the "faith once delivered to the saints." I myself have been a church member fifty-four years. During all this time I have known a few who were in the front rank with reform, but as a rule, the church and clergy have, I have been sorry to say, been slow to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty powers of oppression, during the dark days of African slavery, and also of today. Solomon says, "The righteous consider the cause of the poor, but the wicked regardeth not to know it," and "When the righteous are in authority the people rejoice, but when the wicked beareth rule the people mourn. The apostle James says: "Pure and undefiled religion before God the Father is to visit the fatherless and the widow in their afflictions." (The needy.) He says, also: "Go, too, now, ye such as weep, and howl for the miseries that are to come upon you." Now, let us be candid. Who to-day is striving to force these principles and sentiments on this government as an organization, the church of to-day or the Populist party? Is it not a fact the Populist party are contending for these principles, and the church, as a rule, (not God's people) are opposing the Populist party, and every movement God's poor are making throughout the land? While all this is true, must the Populist party go to the "church and clergy (as the Doctor says) and invite them to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty?" I would rather say to such church and clergy: "Repent, and do thy first work."

The doctor says "the average church member is a quiet, modest, retiring person." It is no doubt nice to "retire," but Isaiah says, "Cry aloud; spare not; show my people their transgressions and the house of Jacob their sins." Paul said in his last words to Timothy, "Preach the word; be instant in season and out of season; reprove rebuke with all long suffering and doctrine, for the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine."

The doctor quotes a part of John 18:36 as an apology for the indifference of church members in the present terrible crisis, "My kingdom is not of this world, else would my servants fight." New let us read the connection. Christ was before Pilate being tried for claiming to be king, and said, "If my king-



Ivy Poisoning

Eight Years of Suffering

Perfect Cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla
"C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:"

"Dear Sirs:—We have tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and find it to be all you claim for it. My wife was poisoned by Ivy when a young woman, and for eight years was troubled every season

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

with the breaking out and terrible itching and burning. I thought hers was as bad a case as anyone ever had. She was in this distressing condition every year until she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has effected a perfect cure, without leaving any scars, and she has had

No Sign of the Poison Since.

She is well and hearty. I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla after the grip with good results, and have also given it to our four children. We are all pictures of perfect health and owe it to Hood's Sarsaparilla." J. C. FREEMAN, Vandalia, Illinois.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other brand.

Hood's Pills are hand made, and perfect in proportion and appearance. No. per box.

dom were of this world then would my servants fight that I should not be delivered up to the Jews, but now is my kingdom not from hence." It seems to me what our Savior meant was, if I am an earthly king then would my servants fight, rather than their king should be surrendered to any other king—"but now is my kingdom not from hence." Not that Christ's reign should never prevail on earth, for he said to his disciples, "Pray thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as in heaven." If the church are to be "modest, retiring persons" who in God's name shall do this great work? Who will go out into the highways and hedges and bring them in? Moses said to the children of Israel in delivering the law of God as given by God on the Mount: "And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children and shall talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walketh by the way, when thou lieth down and when thou sittest up." See Deut. 6:6-7. Question: If God would proclaim this law on the Mount should not every minister in the land proclaim it from the pulpit? Please stand up and answer, if not, why not.

A young lawyer said to the Savior, "Master which is the great commandment in the law?" Jesus said unto him, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind; this is the first and great commandment, and the second is like unto it, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Then how can church members afford to be "retiring" while thousands of their brethren are to-day destitute and traveling over the country in search of bread. "Inasmuch as ye have done unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Mat. 25:40. D. J. COLA.